


# ANDERSON COLLEGE



## IVY LEAVES

SPRING  
1970



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# IVY LEAVES

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Vol. VI

SPRING 1970

No. 13

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## EDITORIAL

Spring has arrived! The earth is changing its countenance toward a beautiful rebirth. The budding flowers and leaves are appearing as once again nature declares its splendor. We, too, as a literary magazine, wish to bring forth a budding splendor of talent. We offer works of this season to you the reader to enjoy as this season unfolds its fullness of beauty.

### IVY LEAVES STAFF 1969-1970

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..... Buzz Peddicord, Joanne Gresham

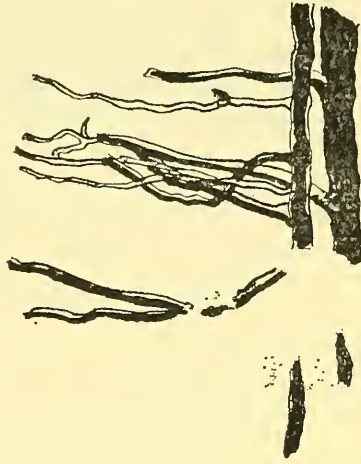
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Dr. Paul Talmadge, W. F. West, Jr., M. B. Wilson

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Mrs. Faye P. Cowan and Miss Margaret Everhart

## WINTER INTO SPRING



ACG  
1970

Coe Camak

## THOUGHTS

I stretch out on a hill  
and watch the clouds roll by  
to take on different forms  
as they tumble over each other  
creating one large mass  
and then  
they dwindle away  
leaving the bright blue  
and open my mind to new thoughts  
as I search for some of the answers  
but in  
reality I cannot leave them  
and when I come out of my trance  
they are still there  
waiting patiently to be solved  
so again  
I drift into my wonderless land  
and let them be blown about like the clouds  
and become different shapes in my many moods.

Jo Blythe

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## WHAT IS A STUDENT?

A student is a computer  
Who usually needs a tutor.

Ann Cannon

## IT'S REAL

Recently I saw a friend whom I had not seen in two years. I had been at college and he had been in Vietnam.

We used to have long philosophical talks about Christianity and what the Christian life really means. He had meant a great deal to me because of his sincerity in his faith.

Now that he is back, he is the same person, perhaps wiser because of his experience. But he has the same ideals as before. He has shown me that even traveling half way around the world and seeing a tragic war did not change him.

If a man can experience the terrors of war and the loneliness of being thousands of miles from home and still have the glow of Christ in his heart, then Christianity must be more than a mere humdrum religion. It's real.

Gareth Hegler

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## HE SPEAKS TO ME

He speaks across the mountains  
In the wind that bloweth free;  
His voice is in the ocean surf--  
A voice that speaks to me.  
His words are in the sunset  
When clouds are golden hued;  
They also cry out in the dawn  
When bright is Nature's mood.

I talk with Him when shadows  
Creep across the hills  
And leave the world in twilight  
And hush the city's mills.  
Even the evening's silence  
Is a voice that speaks to me.  
And then again I hear Him talk  
In the wind in the big pine tree.

There's something in a rosebud  
That tells me He is near.  
Something in a waterfall  
That makes me see Him clear.  
I can only stand entranced  
At a mountain's majesty;  
But nothing thrills me more than when  
I watch the rolling sea.

David M. Dawkins

## WHAT PRICE?

What price, Freedom,  
Must we pay?  
Another's tomorrow,  
For our today?

Janice Lee Williams

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## LITTLE FLY

Little fly upon the wall,  
Him don't got no home a'tall.  
Him don't got no mom to comb him hair,  
Him don't care — Him got no hair!!!

Sally Ann Arant

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## ETERNITY

Fragile fortitude frequently flocked,  
And lazily, leisurely, lastingly locked  
Arduously, amorously, ardently around  
Certain celestial, sequestered sounds  
which  
Caprice cannot corrupt  
Discord dare not disrupt.  
Eternity.

Roger H. Mullikin

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## JUST PLAIN PROUD

My name's Grass and I'm over all.  
I grow short, I grow tall.  
I'm Southern Grass  
I say ya'll.

Roger H. Mullikin

## CHILD OF WOE

Conceived in lust, and grow ye must,  
Oh, child of sorrow, child of woe,  
And who will love thee, who will care?  
A thousand tears have washed ye bare.

Oh what art, thy tender face,  
But thy being has caused disgrace.  
Oh child of sorrow, child of woe,  
Can thy mother love thee, when no one must know?

Thy tender smile, and first few words,  
Where is thy mother when this joy is heard?

And does she know her cross ye bear?  
Yet, if she knew — would she care?  
Oh, precious child, when ye grow to be a man  
What person will be there to take thy hand?

Janice Lee Williams

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## MEMORIES

When it's late in the evening and shadows  
stretch into my room, I can find my mind  
wandering to the things we said that afternoon.

Yes, I still remember the way you smiled  
when we talked about those summer nights.  
And even now I can feel your gentle warmth  
When I held you beneath the campus lights.

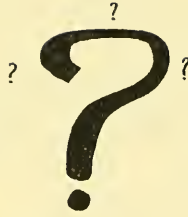
You know, at times I think it's funny,  
how those hours mellowed into moments of gold.  
I don't believe there ever will be a story  
of a love like ours to be told.

Even now, I can remember the patterns of  
our footsteps as we strolled along the beach,  
just walking in the sand. And I know that  
those memories we shared on that day  
will cling to my mind, just like  
you clung to my hand.

Though the words we spoke to each other were  
carried off by the blowing wind, they will continue  
to burn within my heart and travel with me  
till I've finished my course,  
till the last curtain has been lowered,  
till my journey's end . . .

Stan Blackwell





## ? QUESTIONS?

WHAT IS LIFE?  
WHAT IS A STUDENT?  
WHO AM I?  
WHAT SHALL I DO  
WITH TODAY  
AND  
TOMORROW?

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## IN SEARCH OF MY THING

Life and living it is lost until you find yourself and what you want to do or be. For me, life is a "hassle" and living this way is "copping out."

I want to find my own little piece of earth and follow the sun. Love is old, peace toward all is new — I am working toward my own nature and trying to improve my ground—in morals and attitudes. My life is going to change and I hope others will, too. Can you understand why we need to change?

Janice Moody

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## LIFE

When you live from day to day  
Life becomes a pleasant way  
Worries flee and heartaches cease,  
And each trial you can meet.

Trusting God can help you live  
Facing what each day shall give  
Whether shadows or sunshine bright  
Peace will come as a shining light,  
Entering the troubled soul.

Mary Matthews



## LIFE

Eyes of light and beauty  
Flaming strands of hair,  
Heart forever laughing,  
Loving life so dear,  
That Death is now so near.  
Spending every moment  
Running in the sun,  
Living every hour  
Till your time is done.

Stanley Horton

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## ONE DAY I LOOKED AT MYSELF

One day I looked at myself,  
The self that Christ can see,  
I saw the person I was that day,  
And the person I ought to be.

I saw how little I really pray,  
How little I really do,  
I saw the influence of my life,  
How little of it was true.

I saw the bundle of faults and fears  
I ought to lay on the shelf.  
I had given a little bit to God,  
But I hadn't given myself.

I came from seeing myself,  
With a mind made up to be  
The kind of person that Christ can use,  
With a heart he can always see.

Sonny Smith

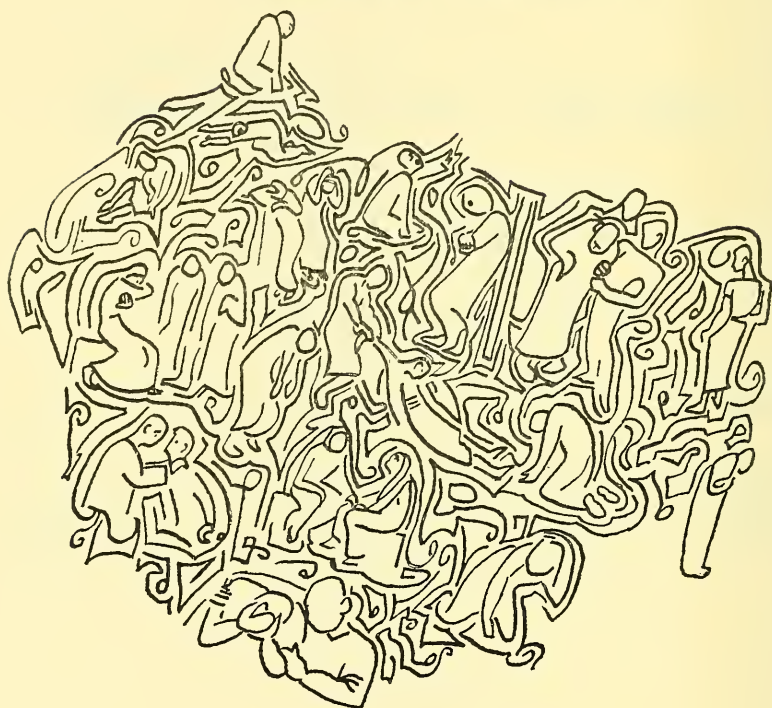
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## YOU

I love you for the happiness  
You bring to me each day.  
I love you for the kindness  
Of your always thoughtful way.  
I love you for your love for me  
So constant and so true.  
But most of all I love you  
Just because you're you.

Lillie Pilgrim

## THE CONTINENT HUMANITY



Ed Carney

## THE PATH FROM SANITY

There is no turning back from life  
and life itself is an unsuitable  
reason for all this strife  
of conscious death and man — the mutable.

The existence we call our own  
is now being dashed by the rain  
and bullet holes are being constantly sown  
into a bed of threads — the brain.

Watch the soft folds of dawn spread  
the day with warm gold sheets  
and when the sun rests its head  
on the mountains where the road meets —  
Do not forget.

Anna Smith

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## GONE TOMORROW

And the strangers become  
your friends  
and-then-the friends become  
your brothers . . .  
And the brothers?  
They tell you they are leaving  
but you laugh and say  
“another day — another day”  
but then you awake in the morning  
and you are alone.

Anna Smith

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## LONELINESS

Loneliness is searching for someone who is not there . . .  
Loneliness is reaching for someone only to grasp thin air . . .  
Loneliness is crying for someone with all your might . . .  
Loneliness is having someone in your memory, but not in your sight.

Johnny A. Kelly

## RECOGNITION

To gain status in our little  
communities  
We do all sorts of things  
We would never have dreamed  
of doing  
Had there been only the  
world  
And each man alone.

Coe Camak

# MEN AND TIME

Where am I going?  
Where have I been?  
Why am I walking at all?

I walk a road to seek an answer,  
But find only questions at my call.  
The road leads to paths untraveled;  
It leads to mountains unseen,  
Down to vales of mist and fogs.  
I follow the road through miles of time  
To become what I must be.  
I'll walk the road all alone.  
If none will go with me.

Andy Menger

# MY VOID

I can see him moving his lips and holding up his hand.  
Why is he talking to ME?  
That crazy man!  
What kind of a fool is he?  
That **crazy, crazy** man!  
Doesn't he know — no one **ever** talks to ME!  
Oh go away! Go away!  
What kind of torture is this to be?  
Ah, he has finally gone,  
I can keep this nothingness to myself  
In my soundless world, my void.

Nancy Cox



## PEACE

Today I will see you as  
A person who loves, feels and cares —  
A soul with thoughts, desires and emotions.

Today I will break down the  
Wall that is built of  
Apathy, distrust and misunderstanding.

Today I will realize that you  
Are one of God's Supreme Creations —  
A unique design of the Infallible Maker.

Today I will pause and consider  
Your ideals; Your hopes to share  
The Common Land with those you love.

Today I will gaze into your  
Face and see an age of  
Oppression, pain and strife.

Today—You, an important  
Link to the unity of  
Mankind.

Sherry Bynum

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## LAST TUESDAY

His hair was unsightly, growing over his ears.  
His father looked upon him with anger, his mother with tears.  
He left last Tuesday for parts unknown,  
Now he's cold and hungry, but no longer alone.

Janice Lee Williams

## OBLIVION

I walk in the thickening fog —  
Fog surrounds me,  
clouds are covering —  
my mind.  
The sky is weeping.  
Thoughts, are impossible.  
I fight — for life.  
I live — for existence.  
People are trying to  
entice me to join their life.  
They live a life of games.  
Oh! the games  
they play!  
I walk in the thickening fog —  
struggling in the  
dark.  
The games are closer —  
they want me  
to play!  
Oh! help me!  
I want no games —  
no part of their existence.  
I want life!  
Fog thickens and  
blocks my sight.  
The games are closer —  
pressing me.  
Clouds have hidden  
my mind — completely.  
Oh,  
where is light —  
where is Life?

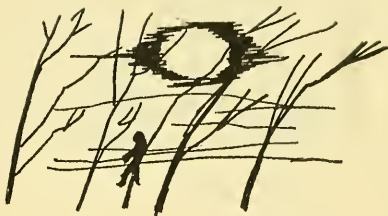
Susan Eve Haltiwanger

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## THE DANCE OF HAPPINESS

Why are you so sad?  
Don't you know this world is a whirling dance of  
happiness?  
Yes, I know, there are many kinds of dances,  
But not every one is a dance of sadness.  
SMILE and enter in;  
Mix the whirls of happiness and gladness.  
HURRY!! Should the music stop and the lights  
die down,  
You might be trapped on the wrong side ----  
In the dance of sadness and suffering.

Nancy Cox



## ESCAPE

a full moon hangs suspended silently  
in a black sky  
a summer breeze blows sadly through  
the ruffled curtains  
she stands looking around the room—tranquilly  
picking up her suitcase—she wipes away a tear  
she slips silently away — into a dark world — alone  
leaving behind safety—security—and love?  
she gradually enters a world of . . .

Susan Eve Haltiwanger

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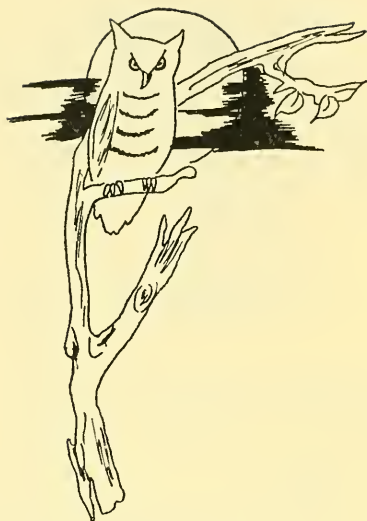
## LILIES OF THE FIELD; A POEM OF PROTEST

A lily rises young and free from mother Earth.  
Morning dew still fresh on greening leaves.  
A crystal web on your stem a spider weaves.  
No power on Earth can judge your worth.  
Quiet lily, bend toward rising sun!  
Lift your head to the call your fathers heed.  
Your roots should never have need.  
Stop your growth till our deed is done.  
Listen oh lily, to whistling wind.  
It's telling you how to live, to grow.  
A life your own you'll never know.  
Listen, and be one of us then.  
A lily you are and now must know.  
The sun will always watch your day,  
to be sure you follow our way.  
Only in certain fields are you allowed to grow.  
A lily you'll rise but never be free.  
The dew will fall but ne'er be sweet.  
A spider lies, dead at your feet.  
It's been decided just what you'll be.

Herschel Q. Peddicord III

(Buzz)





## NIGHTMARE

"I'm alive!" Vince yelled.

"It's a shame. So young, too."

"He was truly an asset to our community."

"Oh, Vince! Oh, Vince!"

"I'm alive!" Vince pleaded at the top of his mind. (But to no avail)

All he could do was lie there in his morbid encasement. He could not move a muscle. Every bone and tissue in his body was lifeless. However, his mind was as vivacious as any in that church. Vince realized this, but he continued his futile attempts to communicate with the outside world.

The pallbearers lifted the casket and carried it out to the hearse. If he could just move the casket in some way — no possibility.

Vince racked his brain while his driver chauffeured him to the cemetery.

The sound of earth falling on the coffin echoed in every corner of Vince's prison.

". . . We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . ."

Suddenly Vince opened his eyes. "Boy! What a dream! It must be two o'clock; I can't see a thing in here. How about that?" he thought to himself. "I didn't even take my suit off before going to bed."

"Ow!!" He said as he raised himself from his bed and bumped his head against the padded ceiling.

PADDED CEILING!

Ed Carney

## FAR FROM CONFORMITY

Man's life lies in strain,  
Tales of conflict and of shame  
And the way Man lives in vain  
Trying to be free from speed.

On a little farm up on high,  
Man lives on earth waiting to die,  
To enter that wonderful place in the sky;  
But why can't he stay around and plow the ground  
And live within the bounds of God's Grace?  
Hold up his head for whatever may come his way.  
But yet man must die and leave this place  
To enter Heaven or the Gates of Hell.

Man must and will prevail,  
Throughout the world and life and things  
And living for the same thing that man has lived for many a day.

Tears, sorrow, and Broken Hearts,  
Man without promise or love, is dead to the world of humans.  
Nature is the only thing left for him,  
Yet he could die;  
But thank God up on high for nature,  
Birds, the Sun, and The Sky.  
Grass that grows, and flowers that bloom,  
And many things that you and I know must be real and true.

Fighting and cursing, swearing too,  
Take a drink, live for hell.  
Maybe there you will be;  
But why must it be this way?

Leave freedom for animals and nature,  
But man, such 'an unholy, wretched, and sinful **IT**,  
Should be locked in the ground Forever More.

Let me talk, I want to be heard;  
I'm a single individual in a big, big world.  
People are funny, you know;  
But I can't tell my tales of man and hell,  
'Cause I can't express my inner feelings, **deepest** feelings,  
Because I'm looked on as just another one to die.

To be born, live, and die is a process screwed to the mind.  
Man may live eternally in the minds of many though he may die.

I want to be your friend.  
My feelings and thoughts are simple, sometimes evil.

I'm confused, and if I die  
May I go with peaceful thoughts and happiness of mind.  
Dear God, help me today,  
To live far from conformity.

Noah Benjamin Bolt

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